Fill up with Coke by big_slug

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Summary:

Will really enjoys spending a night alone once in a while. But who is he to refuse when his best friend decides to drop by with a couple of movies and a bottle of something he shouldn't have?

Fill up with Coke

Author's Note:

> This is just fluff. No action, no smut, nothing deranged. It's nothing but boys in love.

This is nice Will thinks. It is some recreation and alone-time in these turbulent times. Not that he doesn‘t get moments for himself with mom, Hopper and El around, but all by himself he can handle things a little differently.

Will absolutely loves his family, of course. His mom has always been there for him, period. He knows there is nothing she wouldn‘t do for him, which is the most comforting certainty there could ever be.

Hopper is, while still relatively new to the family, someone Will has known for quite a while. First as a distant friend of his mother‘s. Then as her close friend, as a hero by chance, and as a gruffly protector during the worst time of Will‘s life. In the end, he became a father. A *real* father, nothing like Will‘s biological father ever was. Someone who loves his mom, who is taking serious interest in what his children are up to.

His children. Because even with Jonathan gone, there is, of course, El with them. She is Will‘s sister as much as she is the reason he is still alive. El never enjoys Will, or anyone for that matter, thanking her for what she did. It‘s just against her personality to take praise without a slight blush. That‘s okay, though. Will feels there‘s no one in this world he can relate to more.

And still, with all the unconditional love he feels for them, through all the trust, having the house to himself is a rare joy he likes to savor

to its fullest. Because there are things about him that even the people closest to him don‘t know. Things he can‘t do with them around.

Well, with some of the things he enjoys, he probably wouldn‘t mind them finding out, but Will just isn‘t someone who takes pleasure in annoying people. And that is what would likely happen if he were to turn The Clash‘s *‚Combat Rock‘* up to full volume and dance around the living room in his boxer shorts with his family in the house.

It‘s convenient how the Byers house is located remote and far away from the main road, making it almost impossible for someone to just come by and look in through the windows. Will has the whole night, and he can do whatever he wants. Practice all his awkward white-boy dance moves without the restrictive tightness of pants holding him back. Hop on the couch and pretend to play guitar, something that he wants to learn for real someday. Make vast amounts of microwavable popcorn, eat it all instead of dinner, and then regret it a few hours later.

Will plans to do all these things, since the night is gonna be long. There is just one thing he hasn‘t expected. Which is headlights painting white spots against the living room wall from outside of the house. *What now?* Well, it could be Will‘s mom and Hopper coming home due to some unexpected circumstances. It could be El; she has taken the Pinto for her girls night with Max. Will hurries to turn the music off, then listens intently to what is going on outside.

A car door opens, a car door slams. Some rattling. The door opens and slams again. Some more rattling, muffled curses. That makes Will grin. He knows who is out there. Finally, another car door is opened with a slightly duller sound, then slams shut a few seconds later. That‘s how it always is with Mike‘s piece of crap Toyota. The lock on the driver‘s side door is broken, so he can only open and lock it from

the inside, leaning over the passenger‘s seat. Why his best friend bothers with locking his car out here is beyond Will, however. Really, it‘s beyond Will why Mike bothers locking this car at all. It‘s not worth the gas that‘s in the tank.

Will looks around the living room. Should he maybe put on a shirt and pants? Mike has seen him in his underwear often enough, but he could be put off by Will opening the door like this. Will decides pretty quickly, he‘s going to have to deal with that.

Mike is already in front of the door, and it‘s a cold November night. Will can‘t keep him waiting that long, and besides, the other way around it would be way worse. Will doesn‘t know what would happen to him if he saw Mike in a similar state of undress. And that is really one thing he can‘t ever tell his family and friends. Not in a million years.

His best friend doesn‘t get to knock, before Will swings the thin front door open. „What are you doing here?“ he asks immediately, mildly amused. „Weren‘t you supposed to be out with your family?“

„Good evening to you too.“ Mike steps inside, and a gush of freezing air hits Will, making him withdraw from his position to allow Mike to close the door. „What‘s going on here? You wanna go skinny dipping in the quarry? I don‘t know if I‘m up to that, it‘s pretty cold.“

„You know what‘s going on.“ Will huffs, amused by Mike‘s nonchalance. „I got the house to myself tonight. What are you doing here?“

„What, I can‘t visit my best friend now? Seriously, just wanted to see what you‘re up to. I mean... I can go if you-“

„I‘m gonna go put something on. Movie night?“

„Nightmare on Elm Street.“ Mike grins. „Bought the first two movies on VHS today.“ He sets down his small backpack, that makes a sound as if there was something else in it, that‘s not made out of plastic like VHS cases and cassettes usually are.

As he pulls a shirt and sweatpants on, Will feels the need to jump with glee. Nights alone are just the next best thing after nights spent with Mike. He knows it should perhaps hurt more. It‘s just that Will can cope with his feelings now. Mike will never be more than his best friend, and that‘s okay.

„Brought something besides the movies.“ Mike grins as they turn off the lights to make the living room fit for a few hours of other-worldly, but ultimately cheesy, teen-horror. „My backpack. I‘m gonna get us glasses. Popcorn?“

„Uh... yeah sure.“ Will shouts after him in the direction of the kitchen. The TV isn‘t running yet and it‘s hard to see a thing, especially Mike‘s dark gray backpack with virtually no color on it besides the red zipper. He finds it only after stumbling around for a few seconds, and painfully hitting his toe on the coffee table.

„Hm...“ Will mumbles to himself as he picks it up, immediately feeling something heavy in there. Reaching inside, he recognizes it as a glass bottle, rectangular in shape. As he holds it up against the only light from the other room, a brown-ish liquid presents itself to Will. „Hey, where‘d you get that?“

Faint giggling precedes Mike‘s answer. „I may or may not have paid a homeless guy to-“

„Dude, that‘s cruel. And illegal. Did you really think it was a good idea to bring this here? My stepfather is the police chief.“ Granted, a police chief who would probably let them off with a warning, because he got drunk himself at Will‘s age. Besides, Hopper won‘t be here any time soon; to tell the truth, Will is just anxious. Afraid, even. He and his friends aren‘t the people one would invite to parties, making for severe inexperience with alcohol.

The microwave in the kitchen is going, the popcorn dancing audibly in its plastic bag, when Mike returns with two glasses and a large bottle of Coke from the fridge, shrugging. „Hey, if you‘re not drinking, I‘m not either. Not trying to pressure you into anything.“

Will bites his lip, carefully pondering over his next words. He shouldn‘t. Not just because it‘s illegal, drinking can also develop into a disgusting, hurtful habit. And it leads to brutal honesty, that much he knows without ever having been drunk. At least if you want to trust the movies with this. So what if he can‘t control himself? What if he spills the beans on something he‘d much rather want to keep a secret?

On the other hand, Will is sixteen, with everything that comes with it. The occasional pimple, frail body image, insecurities, and of course the utter need to try anything that is forbidden but might feel good. So, all he says is „We can at least try."

„You've never either, have you?"

„If I had ever been drunk, you'd know." Will shakes his head. „You wanna mix that with Coke?"

„I guess so. It's not quality stuff." Mike shrugs. „I mean, let's try how it is first, and if it's too bad we fill up with Coke."

„Sounds like a plan." In the dark of the living room, Will takes the large glass from Mike's hand, and then unscrews the cap on the glass bottle. Will already has a vague idea as to what Whiskey smells like, after all his biological father smelled like it more often than not. He has never actually held a bottle of it under his nose, though. It's mildly terrifying, due to the way it crawls up his nostrils, creating warmth but also something like pain that flows right into his throat. „Holy shit..." he mutters. „Am I really supposed to put that in my mouth?"

„Give it here." Mike snaps the bottle from Will, and does the same. „Okay, let's do it. I might chicken out if we wait any longer." He pours himself and Will a minimal amount, just enough so they can taste it without feeling obliged to take a second sip, in case it's terrible.

Both hold their glasses to their lips. „So, do I keep it in my mouth to

see what it‘s like, or swallow as fast as I can?“

„I think I‘m gonna swallow right away. But do what you want.“ Mike snickers. „On the count of three?“

„Yeah, okay. But we‘re doing three, two, one, drink, right?“ Will has to clarify that for whatever reason.

„Three, two one, drink. Got it.“ Mike confirms. „Ready?“

„Ready.“

Mike takes it upon himself to count. „Three…“ Will‘s heart picks up pace only a bit. „Two…“ Both hold their glasses up, noses in their glasses, taking in the burning scent. Will is grateful that Mike doesn‘t pause too long, keeping the nervous tension as low as he can. „One…“ Will closes his eyes. „Drink.“

And like that, Will leans his head back, empties what little is in the glass… and can‘t bring himself to swallow right away. The burning liquid just resides there, squishing from one side to the other, as the heat begins rising in Will‘s head, until he is convinced it‘s going to build up into eternity, or until his eyeballs just pop out.

„Dude! Swallow!“ Mike coughs, having seemingly managed to get the vile liquor down. And only then Will remembers which muscles he has to employ to actually do that. The relief is immediate, but only lasts until he realizes he is basically swallowing a razor blade, that is

now slicing down his food pipe. Even when it mercifully reaches the end, it feels like it actually wants to come back up to further torment him.

„Oh god!“ Will squeals. „Who ever thought it‘s a good idea to make something like this?“

„I know!“ Mike is laughing now. „I mean, at some point people must have discovered this, taken the first sip and then said ‚Yeah that‘s good, I‘m gonna take another‘! Bunch of maniacs!“

They continue to stare at the bottle with utter disgust, until a shrill *BEEP* breaks the silence. „The popcorn. I‘m gonna get it.“ Will hurries to the kitchen, not without the strange feeling he is getting drunk tonight.

„This is bad.“

„Yeah.“ Mike agrees. „Looks like they made Freddy‘s arms out of pipe cleaners.“

Will directs his gaze to the screen, where Freddy Krueger comes running down a street, his arms spread and elongated comically, looking entirely fake. It gets a good laugh out of him, but that‘s not what he meant. „I was actually about the Coke. Not as bad as

drinking it pure, though.“

„Yeah, I guess.“ his friend shrugs, but takes another deep drag from his glass, grimacing immediately after. „More?“

„Please.“ Will holds his glass out to let Mike pour him another small sip of Whiskey and a generous amount of Coke. „It‘s... it‘s nice isn‘t it?“ He doesn‘t know how to express what he is feeling. Will is just so relaxed, everything is nice and warm, the movie is absolutely hilarious.

„Yeah. I mean, I kinda get why people do it.“ As Mike speaks, Will finds himself oddly enchanted by the way his friend smiles, by his lips, by the light from the TV that taints one half of his face in blue, while casting shadows on the other half. *Keep it together, Byers!*

„Hey. You think you can empty a glass faster than me?“ Will taunts, to get his mind off of it.

Mike looks as if he is contemplating for a few seconds, before grinning widely. „Loser has to down another glass in one drag.“

„Shit. You serious?“

„You‘re gonna pussy out, Byers?“

„You wish, Wheeler. Let‘s do it.“ First, they make sure there is

actually an equal amount in both glasses to keep it fair. And once again, Mike counts down from three. Will has to lean his head so far back, he can‘t check on Mike‘s progress. But it‘s like a race in PE. Never look back at what the others are doing. He chugs the Whiskey-permeated Coke down like there is no tomorrow, eventually shouting „Done!“ The burn is there, and while not as prominent as before, it‘s mostly the taste that is off-putting.

And Mike has lost. „Looks like I‘m not as good a drunkard as you are.“

„You‘re gonna be soon. Fill up, drink up.“ Will orders. „Your own stupid idea.“

„Yeah yeah...“ Mike grumbles. He pours himself another glass, and begins chugging it down under Will‘s watchful gaze, until there is nothing left. His face distorts once again, and he lets out a small „Phew!“

The lights are back on. Mike pops out the tape from the VHS, drops it to the floor, picks it up, drops it again, and eventually sits down laughing. The sluggishness of his uncoordinated movements has Will in tears instantly. This is officially the funniest shit he has ever seen, and he is so happy. So *unbelievably happy*, that he gets to be here right now with his best friend and a half-empty bottle of Whiskey.

„Wanna... watch part two?“ Mike mumbles.

„Uh... uh... no. Let‘s not. I‘d much rather... I don‘t know...“ Will feels the utter drive to move. He wants to go places, he wants to go everywhere he can, and he wants to do if fast. That‘s not the best idea, since he stumbles as soon as he gets up from the couch.

„Hey. What were you... doing when I arrived? Heard music. I kinda want that.“ Mike laughs.

„Music?“ Will has a hard time grasping the meaning of that word. „Oh yeah, music! I‘m gonna... yeah.“ He has to put the tape on rewind first, and then struggles to find the play button. The volume is still turned up.

„*This is a public service announcement...“* Joe Strummer‘s voice comes blaring out of the speaker.

„With guitar!“ Will shouts in unison with him. Holy shit, this is it. The perfect thing to do right now. Will wants to go absolutely wild. „Mike, get up!“ he yells over the music. His friend all but heaves himself to his feet. Will‘s mind is relatively clear, at least he thinks it is. He is well aware, that Mike might find this awkward or pathetic, but he doesn‘t care right now. He goes on to jump on the couch as if he was alone, or as if he was ten years younger than he actually is. Will doesn‘t even feel his head hitting the ceiling more than once as he beats his imaginary guitar.

And so does Mike, hitting his head considerably more often. They are probably on a good way of breaking the couch, but that danger is small, just a minor distraction somewhere out in the back of Will‘s mind.

The couch, and the rest of the furniture for that matter, are still holding up strong half an hour later. Will and Mike not so much. The music feels different now, and it makes Will desperate to move, jump, run, and sing along. At some point, though, he is just exhausted. Completely spent, the same as Mike. Instead of jumping, they can only sit now, and the song that‘s playing is perfectly mirroring that with its slow pace.

„Starved in metropolis
Hooked on necropolis
Addict of metropolis
Do the worm on the acropolis...“

„You know... that... that‘s Allen Ginsberg talking.“ Will slurs, emptying his glass for the last time that night. The bottle isn‘t empty, but he has had enough. He doesn‘t even realize what he is about to say.

„Allen... who?“ Mike makes a weird, uncoordinated hand gesture.

„Ginsberg.“ Will repeats lazily. „He‘s a poet. I... like him. I mean the... the stuff. His work.“ *Oh god, stop talking!* „He‘s gay... y‘know.“

„Hmm. Okay.“

„Wait... you‘ve never... never read *Howl?*“

„Don‘t know... don‘t know that.“ Mike sighs. „I‘m so... dunno.“

Will is somehow glad Mike didn‘t get the hints he involuntarily gave him. He couldn‘t handle his friend knowing *that* about him, despite the way it hurts not being able to tell him. „Hey... what‘re you... thinking ‘bout?“

Mike faces Will, his expression unreadable. The world is spinning around them, but Mike‘s lips seem to be a fixed point for Will, one that isn‘t affected by the blur that‘s ravaging the room right now. „I just... love you so much.“ he breathes. „Love you. Really.“

Will doesn‘t allow his breath to catch in his throat. They are drunk. Drunk people say stuff like that all the time. So, he can say „Love you too.“ without meaning it that special way.

„Love as in...“ Mike goes on. „As in I think I wanna kiss you.“

„You‘re drunk.“ Will scoffs. Doesn‘t Mike see that? Can‘t he see how much he is hurting Will by saying that? Because it wouldn‘t be honest. It would be nothing more than a drunken mistake. And falling for it would be Will‘s drunken mistake.

„No... I mean, yeah. But I mean it.“ Mike insists. „I wanna kiss you.“

Will feels like crying. He can‘t allow this. He wants to feel Mike‘s lips against his own, and he can‘t allow it. It‘s not right, and the memory of it would kill him even more than the knowledge that he and Mike can never be a reality. If they kissed right now, it would be everything Will ever wanted. And then in the morning, Mike would regret it, leave, and things between them could never be the same.

„Can I? Can I kiss you?“ Mike leans in. Will pushes him off.

„No.“ he says firmly. „You‘re drunk.“

„You‘re… drunk too.“ Mike sluggishly counters. „S‘okay.“

„Y‘don‘t… get it.“ Will can feel the tears picking at his eyes, just seconds before a few of them drop into his lap. If he could just tear his own heart out right now, he‘d gladly do it.

„Hey… I… Will, don‘t cry, okay?“ Mike clumsily pulls at Will‘s shoulders, making it impossible to do anything but fall against his friend, and sniffle into his shirt. „Don‘t have to… just… I thought you might… might like boys.“

„Doesn‘t matter.“ Will sobs, finally letting go. Mike deserves to know. „You… you don‘t like boys.“ No matter what happens next, these arms around him are warm, they mean safety, and that‘s not going to change. Ever. If Will has to live with this, being so close to Mike but never quite *there*, then that‘s okay.

„Will, I wanna... wanna kiss you.“ Mike repeats. „Love you.“

„Not like that.“ Will insists. „We‘re friends.“

Mike groans, but doesn‘t let go. „S‘what I mean... Should be more.“

More. More than friends? Will nuzzles into Mike‘s shirt, tears flowing like waterfalls. „You don‘t... know what you‘re saying.“

„Know what I‘m saying. Know what I‘m saying.“ Mike grunts. „My brain... s‘good. S‘really good. Still good.“

„You mean you can... think straight?“ Will tries to translate.

„That!“ Mike shouts. „Yeah! Think straight!“ He softens up when he realizes he startled Will. „Love you.“

„Love you more than a friend.“ Like that, it‘s out. Will has said it, and he allows himself to hope. That‘s the alcohol. He never would have said that in a sober state.

„Love you more than a friend.“ Mike chokes up. „Was just so... scared. Always so scared.“ His eyes fall shut periodically, and snap open again.

Will is feeling it too, sleep, or rather unconsciousness, that is closing in on him. „That why you and El... not a thing an‘more?“

„We‘re friends. ‘m always gonna love her. But not like... not like you. Is okay if I... kiss you now?“

„Okay.“ Will tries his best to keep his eyes open. He has to make sure this is real. It can‘t be some crazy dream or hallucination, that would kill him.

They miss the first time, too clumsy and sluggish in their every movement to actually press their lips together. Only on the second attempt they get it right, more by chance than anything else probably. To Will this is everything. It‘s soft, it‘s so warm, it tastes like sweet popcorn, Coke and a bit of alcohol, which isn‘t unpleasant. And it tingles, not just in his slightly parted, moving lips. The feeling spreads everywhere, reviving Will‘s numb fingertips that are now slowly stroking through Mike‘s thick, raven hair. The moment is perfect, so perfect that Will‘s tears just won‘t run dry.

Just as perfect as the moment is the end of it, how Mike chases after Will a bit, how he presses another small peck to his lips before Will‘s head drops against Mike‘s chest again, where he breathes his friend in, still sobbing. „Tell me you‘re... not gonna regret this.“

„Never.“ Mike mumbles sleepily. „I‘m... Imma remember in the morning. No regrets. ‘m so sleepy.“

Will believes him. „S‘okay. Wanna sleep too.“

But they probably don‘t really sleep; it‘s more like passing out, a blissful relief from the dizziness. Everything is still so nice and warm and soft. Will doesn‘t even think about hiding the bottle. Who cares if anyone finds the two like this, passed out drunk on the couch, snuggled up against each other impossibly close? As long as this moment is perfect, and as long as Will knows there are many of these perfect moments yet to come, he can allow himself not to care.

Author's Note:

> I don't know why I did this. I didn't feel like writing another chapter for 'It's the doubt.' today. Hope you found it at least somewhat cute.